

An answer to maister Smyth

Seruaunt to the kynges most royall maiestye. And clerke of the
Quenes graces counsell/ though most vnworthy.

Whether ye trolle in or els trolle out
ye trolle vntruly/ loke better about.

Where as of late two thynges ye perused
Concerning the treason of Thomas Crumwell
Undoubtedly both your wyt and your syght were confused
Lackynge a medecyne / blyndnesse to expell
Put on your spectacles and marke it well
Than shall you see and say / maugre your hart
That trolle in / hath played a true subiectes part

For where as trolle a way (as ye say) tolde trouth
Declaring the offences / wherein Crumwell offended
It was not the thyng / wherewith trolle in was wroth
For in that poynt / Trolle in / Trolle away commended
But this was the mater / wherfoze they contended
Trolle away / vnder pretence of trollyng against treason
Prouided proude popery / as appereth by reason.

And ye supporting the same / your pen runneth at large
Vololy as blynde bayerd / ye write in his defence
And in your myscheuous maner / ye lay fallly to my charge
Sayeng / who that craftely coloureth any others offence
Of lykelyhode in his owne hert / hath the same pretence
But here ye speke of lykelyhode / and so blyndly go by gesse
your sondnesse is the folyshe / and my faute is the lesse.

An horse beyng nothing galled / of force ye may make to hycke
With spurryng and with prickinge / more than reason wolde requyre
But if the horse were lusty / coragious and also quycke
ye might be the first perchaunce / that might lye in the myre
As wylde as ye / haue ben drowned in their owne desyre
Shanp a man / anothers mischefe / of malpce wyl prepare
And yet him selfe the first / that is caught in the snare.

Because of making stryfe (ye say) ye wyl take neither parte
But here ye breke promyse / for agaynst all reason and right
Speking with your mouth / that you thinke not with your harte
Agaynst trolle in / ye take trolle awayes parte / with all your myght
Thus all thynges lyghtly that ye make / amonge them selues do syght
Wherfoze whatsoeuer ye write or saye / grete it shall not kylle
For if ye speke any thing wylfully / I thinke it be agaynst your wyl.

Ve illi per
gem scan-
dalū uenit.
Luce, xvij.

But blyndly haue ye sclaudred me / good maister Thomas Smyth
Scrapping together scriptures / your madnesse to mayntayne
Truly your rude rowly reason / being so farre from the pyth
Had nede of suche a cloke / to kepe it from the rayne
For all the worlde may perceyue / how fallly ye forge and fayne
yet still you affyrme your falshe / as though ye knew thynges preselye
Christes blessing on your hert / forsoth ye haue done full wylfully.

Ye rumble amonge the scripatures / as one that were halfe mad
Wrestyng and writhyng them / accordyng to your owne purpose
fayonyng and framyng them / to your sayenges good and bad
Lyke as the holy Pappes / were wont to paynt their popyshe glose
Do ye take the holy scripture to be lyke a shypmans hose
Rayn / although a shypmans hose / wyl serue all sortes of legges
yet Christes holy scripture / wyl serue no rotten dregges.

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But here ye speke of lykelyhode / and so blyndly go by gesse
your fondnesse is the solpishet / and my faute is the lesse.

C An houle beyng nothing galled / of force ye may make to kycke
With spurryng and with prickinge / more than reason wolde requyre
But if the houle were lute / coragious and also quycke
ye might be the fyrst perchaunce / that might lye in the myre
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